So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heauenly oath, vow'd with integritie.
Kin. O you haue liu'd in deſolation heere,
Vnſeene, vnuiſited, much to our ſhame.
Qu. Not ſo my Lord, it is not ſo I ſweare,
We haue had paſtimes heere and pleaſant game,
A meſſe of Ruſſions left vs but of late.
Kin. How Madam? Ruſſians?
Qu. I intruth my Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtſhip and of ſtate.
Roſa. Madam ſpeake true. It is not ſo my Lord:
My Ladie (to the manner of the daies)
In curteſie giues vndeſeruing praiſe.
We foure indeed confronted were with foure
In Ruſſia habit: Heere they ſtayed an houre,
And talk'd apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not bleſſe vs with one happy word.
I dare not call them fooles: but this I thinke.
When they are thirſtie, fooles would faine haue drinke.
Ber. This ieſt is drie to me. Gentle ſweet,
Your wits makes wiſe things fooliſh when we greet
With eyes beſt ſeeing, heauens fiery eye:
By light we looſe light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge ſtore,
Wiſe things ſeeme fooliſh, and rich things but poore.
Roſ. This proues you wiſe and rich: for in my eye.
Ber. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.
Roſ. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to ſnatch words from my tongue.
Ber. O, I am yours, and all that I poſſeſſe.
Roſ. All the foole mine.
Ber. I cannot giue you leſſe.
Roſ. Which of the Vizards was it that you wore?
Ber. Where? when? what Vizard?
Why demand you this?
Roſ. There, then, that vizard, that ſuperfluous caſe,
That hid the worſe, and ſhew'd the better face.
Kin. We are diſcried,
They'll mocke vs now downeright.

Du. Let vs confeſſe and turne
Que. Amaz'd my Lord, Why
Roſa. Helpe hold his browes, H
Sea-ſicke I thinke, comming fro
Ber. Thus poure the ſtars do
Can any face of braſſe hold long
Heere ſtand I, Ladie dart thy ski
Bruiſe me with ſcorne, confound
Thruſt thy ſcarpe wit quite thro
Cut me to peeces with thy keen
And I will wiſh thee neuer more
Nor neuer more in Ruſſian habi
O! neuer will I truſt to ſpeeches
Nor to the motion of a Schoole-
Nor neuer come in vizard to my
Nor woo in rime like a blind-ha
Taffata phraſes, ſilken tearmes p
Three-pil'd Hyperboles, ſpruc
Figures pedanticall, theſe ſumm
Haue blowne me full of maggo
I do forſweare them, and I heer
By this white Gloue (how whit
Henceforth my woing minde ſ
In ruſſet yeas, and honeſt kerſie
And to begin Wench, ſo God
My loue to thee is ſound, *ſans*
Roſa. Sans, ſans, I pray you
Ber. Yet I haue a tricke
Of the old rage: beare with m
Ile leaue it by degrees: ſoft, let
Write *Lord haue mercy on vs*;
They are infected, in their hea
They haue the plague, and cau
Theſe Lords are viſited, you are
For the Lords tokens on you
Qu. No, they are free that
Ber. Our ſtates are forfeit
Roſ. It is not ſo; for how ca
That you ſtand forfeit, being t

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